

For the Dancing and Dreaming

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Summary: WARNING! THIS CONTAINS SPOILERS FOR HTTYD 2! Sometimes, it just takes a lullaby to feel happy again.

For the Dancing and Dreaming

**\*\*A/N:\*\***

**\*\*Okay guys, so I went and saw HTTYD 2 today, and I need to write something out. And since I fell in love with Valka's and Hiccup's relationship, this happened.\*\***

**\*\*That and I need to get out the pain of Stoick's deathâ€¦|please tell me I wasn't the only one who cried when he diedâ€¦| \*\***

**\*\*And this is all in Valka's POV.\*\***

6 months had passed since Drago's defeat. Oh, and they had been 6 wonderful months.

Berk was finally rebuilt, and it was better than ever before. The dragons had everything they ever needed, as did the people of the small island. My dragons themselves had made themselves right at home, and it warmed my heart to see them so readily accepted. I too was welcomed with open arms, and for the first time in a long time, I was glad to be home.

Then, a week after Hiccup had been made chief; he and Astrid had finally gotten married. I hadn't known the girl for very long, but I could tell that these two were meant to be. They held the ceremony right in front of Stoick's statue, and many, many, tears were shed. The after party, of course, held a very different atmosphere. I can't even tell you how long it lasted, but it certainly was a Viking party. Hiccup and Astrid had disappeared halfway through, and I'm pretty sure Toothless and I were the only ones who noticed.

I had been living with Hiccup, and with the two finally married, I told them I would find my own place.

"Mom, you don't have to do that." I had barely finished my sentence before Hiccup had voiced his disapproval.

"This isn't my home anymore." I said, shaking my head ever so slightly. "I can build my own place."

"This is my home as much as it is yours." Hiccup shot back. "You're staying." His voice held a finality to it that shouldn't be argued with, and yet I still did.

"You two are married now. I can't-"

"Valka." This time it was Astrid who cut me off. She held a small smile on her lips, and a slender hand fell onto my shoulder. "This is your home. But if it bothers you that much, we can build an attachment."

I looked from her to Hiccup, before letting out a sigh. "I-Oh, alright."

Hiccup had a look of pure triumph on his face, and I couldn't keep a small smile off my own.

But, those 6 months weren't all filled with happiness and joy.

Often, there were times where Hiccup and Toothless would disappear for a day. Sometimes they would be in Hiccup's room, and other times they would fly off without warning, and we wouldn't see them until well after dinner. We never questioned it, but today I couldn't let it go.

Hiccup hadn't come out of his room at all today, only opening the door to let Toothless out. The Night Fury was now lying on the floor next to my feet, the most hopeless look on his face. Astrid was in the kitchen, cooking dinner, but she kept casting worried glances at the stairs.

"He's never done this before." Astrid finally said. It was so quiet that I almost didn't catch it. "S-should we go talk to him?"

I stayed silent for a little while longer. I then stood, causing Toothless to look up at me curiously. "I'll go." I started towards the stairs, and then made a slow climb. I reached the door, and hesitantly put an ear against the wood.

It was quiet. A spike of fear shot through me, so I quickly rapped on the door.

Still no answer.

I took a deep breath, and then slowly pushed open the door, only to have my heart shatter a thousand times over.

Hiccup was curled up on the bed, the stuffed dragon I had given him when he was a child clutched tightly in his arms. His eyes were covered by his hair, and yet I could still see tears sliding down his cheeks. His body was shaking ever so slightly, and he looked

soâ€|broken.

"Hiccupâ€|" I spoke quietly, making my way over to him on silent feet. He didn't acknowledge my presence, and when I sat on the bed, hand gently landing on his cheek, he stiffened ever so slightly. I pulled away, hand hovering uncertainly over him, and then moving towards his soft hair. "â€|Hiccup, what's wrong?"

"â€|I miss him." He spoke quietly, still not looking at me.

I felt that unmistakable sting in my eyes, and I quickly tried to blink the tears away. "Oh, darling." He didn't need to tell me what he was crying about. After all, I still cried. "I miss him too."

Hiccup looked at me this time, and I only wrapped my arms around him as tight as they would go as he launched himself at me. He himself clutched tightly to my shirt as I held him, crying silently on my shoulder. I moved one hand to the back of his head, stroking his hair while pressing him closer to me.

To know that my son had been crying all this time, I couldn't hold back my own tears anymore. I cried silently with him, giving all the comfort I could to him.

We rocked back and forth ever so slightly, and then I did the thing that came naturally to all mothers. The thing that I knew he loved.

I started to hum.

"â€|I'll swim and sail on savage seas.

With ne'er a fear of drowning." I sang quietly, my voice sounding broken as I cried.

"And gladly ride the waves of life, if you will marry me.

Nor scorching sun, nor freezing cold,

Will stop me on my journey, if you will promise me your heart." Even though this was mine and Stoick's song, I always sang it as a lullaby to Hiccup when he was little. It always cheered him up, and some part of me knew it would still work.

But at the same time I was singing it to Stoick. Because even in death he could still hear me.

I was singing a story of my love to my child and to my husband.

"And love me for eternityâ€|

My dearest one, my darling dear," Hiccup had looked up at me, his face melting into one of happiness that I had come to know when I sang this to him.

Then he started to sing with me.

"Your mighty words astound me,

But I've no need of mighty deeds,

When I feel your arms around me." His voice was gentle and soothing, so much like my own, and I let a small smile cross my lips as we sang the next verse.

"But I will bring you rings of gold,

And even sing you poetry,

And I would keep you from all harm if you would stay besides me." I sang the next verse by myself, but as I did Hiccup too had the faintest of smiles on his lips.

"I have no need for rings of gold,

I care not for your poetry,

I only want your hand to hold," Hiccup then jumped back in with me.

"I only want you near me.

To love and kiss, to sweetly hold, for all the dancing and the dreaming.

Through all my sorrows and all nights, I'll keep your love inside me.

I'll swim and sail on savage seas,

With ne'er a fear of drowning, and gladly ride the waves of life," I sang the last line on my own.

"If you will marry me."

Hiccup was still crying, but he now had a smile on his face, which in turn caused me to smile.

"Do you remember when I used to sing that to you?" I asked, running a thumb over his cheek to wipe away the tears.

"Yeah, I do." Hiccup said. "And I remember dad singing it to me too."

I nodded, remembering many nights where Stoick would sing to Hiccup before going out into the danger of dragon attacks. "It was always your favorite."

Hiccup let out a little laugh.

"Can you promise me something?" I asked.

"Yeah, sure."

"Don't cry alone anymore." I said, and then placed a gentle kiss on his forehead. Hiccup looked at me when I pulled away, then nodded.

"Okay."

I pulled him into a quick hug, and then gently shoved him off the bed. "Now dry your tears. Astrid's worried about you."

Hiccup rolled his eyes at me, and I laughed as he wiped the last tears from his face. He then traveled down stairs, where Astrid instantly erupted and the sound of Toothless tackling Hiccup floated upstairs.

I shook my head, and then picked up the stuffed dragon I had made him. It was so worn, but still so loved. I ran a finger down its back, smiling as its button eyes flashed happily at me. I held it for a little while longer, and then I gently set it on the nightstand. I gave it one last glance before closing the door gently, going back to the chaos that was my family.

\*\*A/N: \*\*

\*\*Yay! Happy sad stuff!\*\*

\*\*The song that Valka is singing is 'For the Dancing and Dreaming.'\*\*

\*\*So I was actually thinking of doing this for baby Hiccup instead of Older Hiccup, and I might still do it. What are your thoughts?  
\*\*

End  
file.